

THE SILENT WORLD.

Vol. V.

WASHINGTON, D. C., JANUARY 15, 1875.

No. 2.

LITTLE THINGS.

We call him strong who stands unmoved—
Calm as some tempest-beaten rock—
When some great trouble hurls its shock;
We say of him his strength is proved;
But when the spent storm folds its wings,
How bears he then Life's little things?

About his brow we twine our wreath
Who seeks the battle's thickest smoke,
Braves flashing gun and sabre-stroke,
And scoffs at danger, laughs at death;
We praise him till the whole land rings
But—is he brave in little things?

We call him great who does some deed
That echo bears from shore to shore—
Does that, and then does nothing more;
Yet would his work earn richer meed,
When brought before the King of Kings,
Were he but great in little things.

We closely guard our castle-gates,
When great temptations loudly knock,
Draw every bolt, clinch every lock,
And sternly fold our bars and gates;
Yet some small door wide open swings
At the sly touch of little things.

I can forgive—'tis worth my while—
The treacherous blow, the cruel thrust;
Can bless my foe, as Christian must—
While Patience smiles her royal smile;
Yet quick resentment fiercely slings
Its shots of ire at little things.

And I can tread beneath my feet
The hills of Passion's heaving sea,
When wind-tossed waves roll stormily;
Yet scarce resist the siren sweet
That at my heart's door softly sings,
"Forget, forget Life's little things."

But what is Life? Drops make the sea;
And petty cares and small events,
Small causes and small consequents,
Make up the sum for you and me;—
Then, oh, for strength to meet the stings,
That arm the points of little things!

—Ellen P. Allerton.

THE COSTERMONGER'S DONKEY.

"Ho! ho! You look a little down in the world, my friend."

"Do I?" answered the costermonger's donkey, standing half asleep, while his master was selling cabbages. "It's likely enough, for business has been bad lately, and I have n't so much to eat. I've had to make out with a precious little hay, and to put up with odds and ends of stale greens and things."

"The more donkey you! cried the smart little Pony in the milkman's cart, that had been the first speaker, and with a flower in his head presented a very spruce appearance. "I'd see if I would stand it! What have your master's profits to do with you? Is n't he bound to keep you well, whether he gets any or not? I pity you, I do indeed; you're very hard done by. I dare say you're half-starved, and get blows into the bargain?"

The donkey said he was sure he got blows, and now he came to think of it, he certainly was half-starved.

"Then be a donkey of spirit, and stick up for your rights! It does n't do to be too good-natured in this world, you get so imposed upon. Take my advice, and stick up for your rights."

"But how?"

"Kick for them," replied the pony, trotting off jauntily.

It had never before occurred to the costermonger's donkey to consider himself at all ill-used. He fared well when his master fared well, and had been contented to take the good times with the bad. But then nobody had ever hinted to him before that he had any rights, and, as he had never discovered it for himself, he had been contented and easy in his mind. He was very fond of the hand that fed him, and also of little Jack, his master's son, who always treated him well, and very often brought him a piece of bread or some nice green leaves to eat.

But Mr. Donkey had very long ears, and the bad advice having once entered them, he could not get it out of his head. He went home when the daily rounds were over in a very reflective frame of mind, and when little Jack left him in his stable he had no answer to make to the child's parting caress; for the consciousness of his wrong was rapidly growing strong within him. He could not imagine how it was that he had never felt his hardships before.

"Here's a supper to give a poor donkey, when he comes home, tired and hungry after a hard day's work! And here's a place to be put into, with scarcely room enough to turn my head in, and holes so big in the roof I can see the sky through! It's shameful to treat a donkey so. Don't I spend my whole time in slaving for my master? This is all I got for my pains—a little mouldy hay, some nasty dirty water, a few old scraps not fit for a pig to eat, and a stable that lets in all the cold and rain! Ah! my friend the pony is right; I shall have to kick for it, that's certain."

How long the donkey would have gone on lamenting his newly-discovered hardships, I cannot say, for he was interrupted by a sharp little laugh. The stable was in truth small enough; but it had other occupants besides the donkey. Little Jack's dog always slept there; and sometimes a neighboring black cat came in to take a nap. Then there were some rats that paid occasional visits; and it was one of these, now perched on the hay-rack, coaxing his whiskers in a very foppish manner, and laughing with all his might, that had interrupted the donkey.

"Pray excuse me," said the rat, "but I really could n't help it. It is such fun to see a donkey in a passion!"

"Do n't you think I've to be, Mr. Rat?" said the donkey meekly, for he was very slow to take offence unless some one put it into his head; "ought n't I to stick up for my rights?"

"Oh! certainly," replied the rat; "but this is the first time I ever heard of donkeys having any rights."

"And why should n't they, as well as other creatures?"

"Well, you see, I divide the world into two halves—those who live by their own wits and those who live on the people's. I can see the rights of the one-half, but not of the second. Perhaps," and here the rat gave a graceful whisk of his tail, which was his mode of bowing, "you can enlighten me, you are of one class, and I of the other."

But this was quite too much for the donkey's brains, so he shook his head undecidedly, not exactly knowing what the rat meant.

"It strikes me," continued the latter for he was glib of tongue, and fond of hearing his own wag, "that those only have rights who are able to take them for themselves. You might wait a long time, donkey before any one else would give them to you. Besides, nobody agrees about the rights of other people. I go down the drains and

get into shops and houses, and help myself to a good meal off the cheese and bread or bacon I find there, thinking I have a perfect right to do so. How could I live if I did n't? Nobody would help me. But, on the other hand, the people whose things I eat, think they have a right to catch me—if they can!—in ugly traps, and then kill me. Now, I do n't agree to that at all. I dare say your master thinks, he has quite a right to make you work as hard as he can."

The donkey, not at all understanding what the rat said, thought it amazingly clever. But, having no answer to make, he contended himself by repeating his first remark—

"I dare say what you say is true, Mr. Rat, but I mean to kick for my rights, and I won't work until I get 'em."

Upon this, the rat went into such fits of laughter, that he lost his balance, and came tumbling down upon the donkey's back. But nothing upset Mr. Rat; he always alighted on his feet.

"Well, I wish you luck," he said, shaking himself, and smoothing out his whiskers; "don't kick the wrong way, that's all! I must be off, for since these nasty new-fashioned trapped drains came in, I have had a hard fight for a living. Where once I could get into twenty houses, I can't get into one now."

The donkey passed a troubled night, resolving upon his plan of action, and slept so late in the morning, that, when little Jack came to fetch him, he was still snoring. It takes a long time for a donkey to get really awake, so his master had harnessed him in the truck before he knew where he was. But as soon as the costermonger had loaded it and was ready to start, not one inch would the donkey stir. He was broad awake now, and right determined that nothing should induce him to move.

"What can ail the brute?" cried the costermonger, in astonishment at the behaviour so unusual, "I'll soon teach him how to go!"

But the more his master belabored him, the more extraordinary did the donkey's proceedings become. He put his head between his legs and kicked with all his might; he tried to rear, but found that a little beyond him, so danced about in the wildest manner. Quite a crowd gathered round to look on, and the donkey, feeling quite proud at having so many spectators, kicked higher than ever; so high, indeed, that over came the truck, and fish, vegetables, coals, and all its contents were scattered in the gutter and the mud.

"He must be mad!" cried the costermonger, horrified at a so unexpected catastrophe; "he never served me such a trick in his life before, and I've had him for years! It will half ruin me."

And he stood and stared aghast at his sinning donkey, helpless under the misfortune that had fallen upon him.

"I'll tell you what it is," said the beerman, looking on with half a dozen cans in his hand. "The donkey is starved! that's as clear as daylight. See his bones! You take him home and feed him well, and I'll warrant you he'll be quiet enough to-morrow."

So the costermonger, feeling a little guilty in the matter of the donkey's bones said he would try it; but when you could scarcely feed yourself, it was hard work to feast your donkey. Little Jack helped his father to pick up all the scattered goods, and then they turned sorrowfully home, leading the triumphant donkey between them. The coals were half wasted in the mud, and everything had to be sold at a dreadfully reduced profit; so the costermonger went to bed that night a melancholy man. But the donkey had gained his point, and after eating an excellent supper slept the sleep of the successful.

To make his purchases, the costermonger went every day to the markets with his truck, bringing home a heavy load of goods. He harnessed the donkey that morning in fear and trembling, after giving him a good breakfast, for what would become of him if his donkey would n't go?

If the latter were mad yesterday, he seemed doubly mad to-day! He danced from one side of the road to the other, and kicked and capered until the costermonger was fairly driven out of his wits. How could he get to the markets at this rate; and if he could n't get to the markets where was his food, and Jack's, and the donkey's to come from?

"You feed your donkey too well, my friend," said a man selling hot potatoes at the corner of the street. "I'd soon take them tricks out of them if he were mine. You starve him a day, and see if he is n't as quiet as a lamb to-morrow! Over-fed animals always kick."

So the costermonger took the donkey home, and not a morsel did he get to eat all that day and night. At least, he only had two old cabbage-leaves which little Jack brought him before it was dark.

"Do be a good donkey to-morrow," said the child, coaxing the former's nose. "Father had to walk all the way to market and mother is crying because there is no money to buy anything with, and I've hardly had any supper. It's all your fault, donkey; do be good to-morrow!" Then the child crept away, and I believe Mr. Donkey would have listened to him, only he thought the pony would laugh at him if he did. Presently the cur came in for the night.

"I do n't know what you've got into your head," he said snappishly: "but you are certainly the biggest donkey that I ever saw! I heard you talking of your precious rights with the rat, the other night and I suppose your head is filled with that folly; but I can tell you your rights will end in everybody else's wrongs, and your own ruin. How do you think our master can keep you if you prevent him from keeping himself! Oh! you stupid donkey! If you had a grain of sense you'd see it is your duty and not your rights you want to look after. But what can one expect of a donkey?"

Mr. Donkey was of course not going to listen to the cur. He had known him all his life, and therefore thought nothing of his opinion. What *could* a cur know that had tramped by his side for years?

Provoked by his long fast, the donkey was more obstinate than ever the next morning; he would not even allow himself to be harnessed, and his master had hard work to hold him.

"Ah!" sighed the costermonger in despair, "everybody knows what to do with a bad donkey, except the one that's got him! I have stuffed the brute, and starved him, but it's all to no good. Nothing goes well with me—not even my own donkey!" In sorrow he led the donkey back to his stable.

"Yesterday, the young man who is going to start in the hearthstone line offered to buy him at a bargain. I'll sell the donkey—that's what I'll do, and Jack and I must drag the truck ourselves. We can't sell coals then, and it will be a sad loss; but if we go on at this rate we shall be ruined, said the costermonger to his wife. "Who can do anything with a kicking donkey?"

When he heard that he was going to be sold, Mr. Donkey was enchanted, and thought he had managed his affair with wonderful wisdom. It did not enter his head that a change may be for the worse as well as the better, for donkey's heads are rather thick, and it takes a long time to get anything either in or out of them; so he trotted forth to be looked at by the hearthstone-man in the highest spirits.

The bargain was made, and he walked off by the side of his new master, anticipating great things. Even little Jack's tears at parting scarcely made him sorry, he was so pleased at his new fortune.

"I must clip you, you ugly little brute; you do n't match my cart at all, with all that shaggy hair hanging about you!"

So the hearthstone-man borrowed a pair of shears and clipped the donkey as bare as a piece of India rubber. Never having had his hair cut before, he thought his last hour was come, and shivered like a leaf.

"Now you look spruce and lively," said his master, gazing at his work in admiration.

"I do believe I'm skinned!" thought the trembling donkey feeling anything but lively; "perhaps my ears and tail are gone, they do n't seem anywhere about me."

Finding afterwards that these parts of him were safe, and being put in a bright new cart, painted scarlet and green, the donkey began to fancy his position in life very high indeed.

"I shall soon give up this trade," said the hearthstone-man, giving the donkey an ungrateful kick as he took him out of the cart, when the day was over; "why, I have n't sold enough to buy my salt with! It does n't seem a paying business at all."

He forgot that one does n't make a business in a day, being a young man of flighty mind, and quite persuaded that his new cart and dapper donkey would carry the world before them.

"I wonder if my new stable will be as smart as my master's cart," thought the donkey, as, tied by a halter to a post in the mud, he waited patiently to be shown into it. "I should like a green and scarlet stable!" Hour after hour passed and Mr. Donkey grew frightfully cold and hungry. He had nothing to eat since dinner-time excepting a few scraps he had picked up for himself; and to aggravate the miseries of hunger and cold a pelting rain began to fall, and he felt himself wet through, not to the skin, for that was soaked in a moment, but to his uttermost inside.

"Alas!" wept the forlorn donkey, the rain washing away his tears, "what a cruel man my new master must be to leave me in this plight! My old master wouldn't have served me so!" He tried to sleep, but it is hard work to sleep with an empty stomach in the pouring rain, ever for a donkey, and not a wink did he get.

The next morning he felt wretchedly ill. He was stiff all over, and had a very bad cold in his head.

He did his day's work in the lowest spirits. Even his ears hung listlessly down, and depression was written on every line of his tail.

"I shall give up this trade and set up an oyster stall if I don't get on better to-morrow," said his master, more angry than before with the result of the next day's trading. "I sh'a'n't want a donkey then, and can sell him to buy the oysters with."

The morrow was no better, and the hearthstone-man resolved to take back the donkey to his old master, and see if he would like to have him again. The donkey's sides, trembled with joy and excitement when he found himself face to face with little Jack once more. Oh! If he could only return to his old quarters he would never kick for his rights again, that was certain. Three miserable nights and days had he passed since he left his old home, ill-treated, half-starved, rheumatic! This was enough to teach even a donkey wisdom, "Why," said the costermonger "what do you take me for? D'ye think, I'd take a donkey back as wouldn't go when I'd get him? I sold him at a precious loss, and I ain't going to lose by him again."

"But he's been as quiet as an angel since I had him," urged the hearthstone-man, who was terribly anxious to change his donkey into oysters. "Never did I set eyes on a meeker lamb, never! I've clipped him you see; I think all that hair hanging about him made him vicious."

"Clipped him!" repeated the other contemptuously, "I should think you have clipped him! Why, he ain't half the size he was, and consekintly ain't worth half as much. He'll want twice as much to eat; cold takes a deal out of a donkey."

The poor donkey shivered in acknowledgment of the truth of this assertion, for he felt that the cold had indeed taken a great deal out of him.

"I sell him a bargain and buys him a bargain," shouted his old master, when the hearthstone-man turned away with the donkey to seek another purchaser. "You see, he's an old friend, and I,

willin' to see how he'll behave himself, if you'll let me have him at my own price."

So the donkey changed hands once more and was led back to his old stable by little Jack, a wiser and a better donkey. What a place it seemed to him now!

The costermonger had discovered that to carry on his business without a donkey was impossible, and was not a little pleased to get his own back so cheaply, a reformed character.

"Holloa!" cried the rat, peeping in through the hole in the roof; "so here we are again, Mr. Donkey? And how about your rights?"

"I've kicked them all to pieces," answered the latter gravely.

"Bravo! that's the very first time in my life I ever heard a donkey say anything witty! Well, one lives to learn—even from donkeys?" and the rat scampered off laughing.

The hero of this story has ever since remained contented and happy, the Costermonger's Donkey.—*Wood's Household Magazine.*

A LOSS AND MAGNIFICENT RECOMPENSE.

ON Christmas eve, our fellow citizen, G. E. Skinner, Esq., went over to the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, to attend the festivities there. Having driven his team to a hitching post, and blanketed them carefully, with his thoughts earnestly intent upon the glories and beneficence of Santa Claus, he went in to participate in the merry-making, oblivious of the fact that he had failed to hitch his horses. On coming out at the close of the entertainment, Mr. Skinner was considerably excited by the discovery that his team was missing. The suspicion that they were stolen was naturally entertained, and diligent inquiry was made throughout the town for traces of the thieves. About midnight, however, the team was found in the timber back of the cooper's shop, on the Institution grounds, where they had wandered, and having brought up against a fallen log, were unable to proceed further. Some of our fun-loving citizens thought the opportunity for a Christmas joke too good to be neglected, and, ignoring the fact of the discovery of the team, a subscription paper was circulated, which was headed by Postmaster Leavens with the magnificent sum of \$500, and followed by others to the amount of \$5,000, which was promptly collected and paid over in *greenbacks* to Mr. Skinner, accompanied by a handsome presentation speech, by R. A. Mott, Esq., at the Christmas tree festival in Central Hall on Christmas evening. Mr. Skinner, not to be outdone in munificence, announced the recovery of his team, and promptly placed the entire sum in the hands of the committee to be used in buying cornucopias for the next Christmas tree. Inasmuch as the currency lacked Skinner's autograph, it is not believed that anybody's exchequer will be seriously depleted by this exceeding generosity. Each of the parties evidently recognized on this occasion the force of the divine precept that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."—*Faribault (Minn.) Republican, December 30th, 1874.*

It is possible to take the impression of leaves and flowers so that they will be as an engraving. Oil a piece of white paper on one side, hold the side that is oiled over a lamp or pine-knot smoke till quite black; place the leaf on the black surface, as the veins and fibres of the leaf show plainer on the under-part; now press it on the parts of the leaf with the fingers, then take up the leaf and put its black oiled sides in the pages of a book made for leaf impression—with an extra piece of paper on top to prevent smutting the opposite page; press on it a few movements; then remove the green leaf. Flowers of a single corolla can be pressed in like manner. Many geranium leaves make beautiful impressions. The impression book may be made still more interesting by giving botanical classifications.

THE SILENT WORLD.

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JOHN E. ELLEGOOD...Publisher.

EDWARD L. CHAPIN.....Editor.

WASHINGTON, JANUARY 15, 1875.

WANTED.—Numbers of THE SILENT WORLD for May 15, 1872; December 7, 1873 and February 1, 1874, for which we will pay ten cents each.

THE first of January has come and gone, so has the eighth, but *The Advance* and its promised illustrations have not. We hope it has not *gone*, and we endeavor to allay our disappointment by fondly hoping that the mail and not *The Advance* is at fault.

THE *Kentucky Deaf-Mute* and the *Michigan Deaf-Mute Mirror* are always two pleasant and welcome visitors. "To study the glass is to neglect the heart," is not applicable in this instance. The January 9th number of *The Mirror* presents its subscribers with a handsome Calendar and Alphabet

THE ninth annual Report of the Teachers and Officers of the Kansas Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, is recieved, showing the Institution to be in a prosperous condition. The number of pupils in attendance is seventy, an increase of eighteen since last report. Appended to the report is an interesting historical sketch of the instruction of deaf-mutes, also an account of the origin and progress of the Institution.

THE *Journal* comes to us greatly improved in all its departments giving more space to deaf-mute news, and better and more readable selections for general reading. The editors have associated with them, Mr. Henry Winter Syle, who is to conduct the Foreign Department. With all these changes for the better, it still announces itself as being conducted to the interest of the deaf-mutes of the State of New York. A perusal of the last number convinces us that it is conducted to the interest of every one, and we hope that the day when it will drop the above announcement, is near at hand.

To avoid loss, send all subscription moneys either by registered letter, or money order; be particular to make them payable to the *Publisher* of THE SILENT WORLD. We recently received a letter containing an order, addressed to THE SILENT WORLD. The complimentary address of the letter was J. B. Hotchkiss and J. E. Ellegood. One would infer from this that the order was payable to the above gentlemen as Publishers; such was not the case, it was payable personally to J. B. Hotchkiss. The result was a great deal of unnecessary trouble.

WE have received the 2nd number of the *Goodson Gazette*, a new monthly published at the Virginia Institution for Deaf and Dumb and the Blind. It, presents much interesting matter being about the size of the *Mute's Chronicle*. Its editorial department is well conducted, and to show our appreciation of the fact we, in another column, make extracts which may interest many of our subscribers. We see no reason why it should not be a permanent paper, being so well endowed by its donor, the late Mr. Goodson, of Norfolk, Va., after whom it is named.

LLOYD, the famous map man, who made all the maps for General Grant and the Union army, certificates of which he published, has just invented a way of getting a relief plate from steel so as to print Lloyd's Map of the American Continent—showing from ocean to ocean—on one entire sheet of bank note paper, 40x50

inches large, on a lightning press, and colored, sized and varnished for the wall so as to stand washing, and mailing anywhere in the world for 25 cents, or unvarnished for 10 cents. This map shows the whole United States and Territories in a group, from survey to 1875, with a million places on it, such as towns, cities, villages, mountains, lakes, rivers, streams, gold mines, railway stations, &c. This map should be in every house. Send 25 cents to the Lloyd Map Company, Philadelphia, and you will get a copy by return mail.

THE Board of Managers of the Alumni Association of the Ohio Institution for the Deaf and Dumb met at Columbus recently, to elect an Orator and appoint a Committee of Arrangements for the Reunion, August 27th, 28th, and 29th, 1875, to be held at Columbus. Mr. David H. Carroll, of the Class of '73, National Deaf-mute College and now a teacher in the Minnesota Institution, was elected Orator, we know of none more suitable for the task and the Board has the congratulations of the many friends of the Association for the wisdom of their choice.

Messrs. Barrick, Powell, and Eldridge were appointed a general committee of arrangements and Mr. James M. Park was appointed to make the necessary preparation for a pantomime.

As far as known, the programme will be as follows: Friday, August 27th will be devoted to the transaction of general business. On Saturday the oration will be delivered, to be followed by a banquet in the evening. Sunday will be devoted to religious service.

FROM the Thirty-fourth Annual Report of the Illinois Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, we give extracts bearing upon subject that may interest our readers. Speaking of the shops, the Principal says:

"I am more frequently importuned by the pupils to be allowed to learn some useful trade than upon any other topic. To their credit I bear testimony that while full of youthful animation and fondness of sport, they are most of them impressed with the peculiar importance to them of the knowledge of some useful handicraft, wherein skill is joined with labor. It is obvious to them as to all, that unskilled labor earns only a scanty subsistence; that the immense multitude of laborers who are emigrating to our country increases the intensity of this fact; that their defect debars them from professional life, and closes the avenues of commerce against them; that if they fail to secure a trade, however perfected their education, they cannot retail groceries, calico or pea-nuts, or disburse greenbacks at a bank counter. This probably is not to be lamented, for the meretricious attractions of trade have ever crowded its avenues. Certainly it is cause of gratification if they are furnished the means of supplementing their literary acquirements with an artisanship that will enable them so to wield the mechanic's tool as to produce something of real value." * *

"It will be observed that the claims of this department are not based upon any expected remuneration to accrue from it. Its labor is all unskilled, and is lacking in that which gives labor its chief value—mental revenue. If made to meet its own expenses quite as much financial return will be realized as its most sanguine friends would presume to claim for it. Its real value will be found where the real value of all education is found, in the future life, character and habits of its beneficiaries."

Of the new Deaf-mute Association in Chicago, of which we have from time to time given our readers correspondence from its members, and which has recently attracted attention by its appeal to the Chicago Board of Education for the establishment of a day-school for deaf-mutes in that city. Mr. Gillet gives the following opinion and suggestion:

"The wisdom of such an organization is questioned by some of the most thoughtful and sincere friends of the deaf and dumb, inasmuch as their segregation is deemed calculated to identify them more fully with other classes of community, and to lead to their more ready assimilation with hearing and speaking people. That it will strengthen family ties, which deafness very strongly tends to sever—that those of them who have some facility in spoken language will abandon association of persons who hear and speak, and find their exclusive companionship among those of their own defectiveness. These points may be well taken, but I think that they are more than counterbalanced by the social advantages that will be afforded them, and by the moral restraints that they will mutually exert. The isolation of a deaf-mute in society is very inadequately apprehended. Most allurements to vice are first directed to the eye, while the restraints from vice are almost wholly directed to the ear. The deaf-mute has presented to him with unusual acuteness the first enticements of evil, which abound in a great city, while he is excluded from the influences which generally protect the young from iniquity." * * * * *

"I do not now allude to this subject for immediate action of your Board, for I presume some legal enactment of the General Assembly authorizing it will first be required. The subject might, however, very properly be presented to the State government and authority asked for the Board to organize in Chicago such classes as may be deemed expedient, and transfer a competent teacher there to instruct them.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.

To the Editor of THE SILENT WORLD:

ON Christmas eve, there were about twenty-one deaf-mutes, most of them living in the well-known Naugatuck Valley, assembled not at the residence of the Rev. Mr. Beecher, but at Mr. Ferdinand Beecher's in New Haven, Conn. Soon after their arrival they plunged into a sea of the greatest pleasure and enjoyment, playing delightful and amusing games. We had an excellent midnight dinner (?), to which, to use a common expression, the guests did ample justice. Appetites having been satisfied, the distribution of presents was in order, among which were many beautiful and costly ones. The rest of the evening was spent in social converse.

Though every one enjoyed themselves and the arrangements were most complete, it was determined, if possible, to have a better festival in Bridgeport, Conn., next Christmas. Those who desire to be there next year were welcome.

Mr. Robert D. Beers was elected Secretary during this term

Yours truly,

EDWARD C. OULD.

Thomaston, Conn., Jan. 5th, 1875.

NATIONAL CLERC MEMORIAL UNION.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

NEW YORK, December 30th, 1874.

REPLIES to the last report of the Executive Committee have been received from all the Managers, except three, viz: the Presidents of the Ohio, Oregon and St. Louis Associations. The resolutions presented in that report have been unanimously adopted. A resolution, offered by the President of the New York Association, tendering the thanks of the Board to the Executive Committee and the Local Committee of Arrangements, has also been adopted, without a dissenting voice, a compliment which the Committees hereby acknowledge.

The Treasurer's account, since the Dedication has been audited as follows—

Balance reported October 1st.....	\$156.98
New Contributions.....	1.70
	<hr/>
	\$158.68
Printing, Postage, and Stationery.....	8.42
	<hr/>
Balance on hand	\$150.26

In obedience to the resolutions of the Board, this sum of \$150.26 has been paid, and the right in the photographic views of the of the Monument has been transferred to the Treasurer of the Church Mission to Deaf-mutes, for the Building Fund of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes.

The donation has been gratefully acknowledged.

The Treasurer's accounts thus being finally closed, he has been released from his bonds.

By direction and authority of the Board of Managers, the *Executive Committee do now declare the National Clerc Memorial Union dissolved.*

THOMAS BROWN, President.

HENRY WINTER SYLE, Secretary.

CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES.

To the Executive Committee of the Nat. C. M. U.

IT is my very agreeable duty to present to you the following Preamble, and Resolutions, and at the same time, I beg to express my gratification individually upon the occasion.

WHEREAS: The "National Clerc Memorial Union" has, through its officers, generously bestowed the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars and twenty-six cents, and also the right in the "views" of the said "Union,"—the said sum of one hundred and fifty dollars and twenty-six cents, and the proceeds of the sale of said views to be paid to the use of the Building Fund of the "Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes." Therefore,

Resolved, That the reception of the above mentioned gifts is hereby gratefully acknowledged, and that the sincere thanks of the Committee on the Building Fund of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes, be and are hereby tendered to the Union you represent.

By order of the Committee on the Building Fund of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes.

C. S. NEWELL, JR.,

Secretary of the C. B. F. H. A. I. D. M.

New York, January, 7th 1875.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL IN PANTOMIME.

THERE was no merrier group in Boston Friday evening than the hundred or more deaf-mutes who gathered in the hall of the Deaf-Mute's Library Association and participated in a Christmas tree gathering under the auspices of the Ladies' Deaf-Mute Mutual Benefit Association. The cosy little hall was very tastefully decorated and festooned with evergreen, and an illuminated greeting, "Wish You A Merry Christmas," executed very finely by a deaf-mute, was conspicuous on the wall. Of the whole number present there were not more than half score who could communicate in oral language, though merry faces and sparkling eyes spoke more truly than words of the happy hearts which made up the gathering.

A large Christmas tree heavily laden with gifts was the centre of attraction, and before the fruit was gathered Mr. J. P. Marsh, one of the trustees of the Library, made a pleasing address upon the origin and history of Christmas observances from the earliest times to the present. Prayer was offered by Mr. H. A. Osgood, another member of the Board of Trustees, and then a half-hour or more was occupied with the distribution of the gifts from the tree in which Mr. W. P. Wade, Mr. Ira Derby, Mr. J. B. McGann, who acted as interpreter to the few who could not understand the deaf-mute language, Mr. E. J. Welch, President, and Mr. E. N. Bowes, Director of the Association, and others aided. Though no words were spoken, the scene was one which could but gladden

the heart of any one who witnessed the cheerful and intelligent expression of the faces and the animated and expressive pantomimic gesticulation. After the presents were distributed those present whiled the evening pleasantly away with games and other innocent amusements.—*Boston Journal*, Dec. 26, 1874.

WHAT THE DEAF-MUTE ATTENDS SCHOOL FOR.

A COMMON MISAPPREHENSION regarding the instruction of deaf-mutes is, that they attend the special schools provided for them in order to learn the sign language, just as we would send a boy to France that he might learn to write and speak correctly the French language. Of course, they who give the subject any attention do not make the mistake referred to, but then there are so many people in the world who don't think for themselves, preferring rather to let others do it for them. It is such a bother to have to stop and think about a matter in which one is not personally interested! Life is too short for this, they imagine, and so they visit the school-room and watch the graceful sign-maker in the same way they would view the performances of the Davenport Brothers, exclaiming "How wonderful, and how beautiful! What a blessing to these children of misfortune that there is a school where they can learn this language of signs, whereby they can so rapidly and so expressively converse with each other!"

When the sleight-of-hand performer, with persuasive words, induces an egg to leave its nest in a silk hat, and, obedient to his will, gracefully to move around the hat's brim, we think it wonderful; but wonder ceases when we are shown the fine thread attached to the egg and pinned under the lapel of the performer's coat. So the sign language is a mystery only to those who have not had, or have not used, the opportunity of looking beneath the surface. It is beautiful, and not to the eye only, but chiefly as a means of imparting knowledge. But it is not the end for which the pupil attends school, as so many thoughtlessly imagine. After he has spent at the Institution the few years allotted to him, he goes out into the world, where he meets, not deaf-mutes with whom he can employ the sign language, but ordinary mortals with whom he must communicate, if at all, by means of writing. He does not meet a fellow-mute once a week, but he is hourly thrown with hearing and speaking people. He rarely has use for signs, but written language he must employ constantly.

What the deaf-mute comes to school for is to learn, in the first place, to read and write this English language, and then to get the other essential branches of a common school education. While at school he finds signs an easy and rapid method of communication, and thro' their blessed aid he makes his first steps in the path of knowledge; but when he has separated from his companions and gone back to his home, he is done with signs, and needs the same language and the sort of education that other children have. It is the aim of every faithful teacher to give him this—to make him, in his actions, in his feelings, in his modes of thought, as much as possible like those of his fellow-beings who are endowed with all their faculties.—*The Goodson Gazette*.

PERSONAL.

MR. JAMES W. BOAL is employed by Dale Brothers at Lemont, Centre Co., Pa.

MR. FORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate Editor of *The Deaf-mutes' Journal* contributes an interesting communication to the *Auburn (N. Y.) Daily Advertiser* concerning the Academy for deaf-mutes in Mexico, N. Y.

MR. WILLARD E. MARTIN, of Randolph, Vermont, was among the visitors at the recent New Year's festivities by the deaf-mutes of Boston.

HENRY ELLIOTT, a deaf-mute, who left the New York Institution in 1870 or '71, is now a foreman in Mr. J. Y. Allen's chair-factory, New York City.

MRS. AMELIA WILLET HICKS, wife of Mr. Gilbert Hicks of the Old Colony Nursery, Old Westbury, Long Island, died suddenly of heart-disease at the residence of her parents in Roslyn, New York on the morning of December 24th, 1874.

MR. SAMUEL WARDMAN, of Ballardale, Mass., had the misfortune to lose his younger brother by drowning, the ice having given way while skating on a pond near his home, on the 16th of December. His body was recovered by dragging the pond.

ON New Year evening Mr. Robert S. Collins, of Georgetown, D. C., gave at his residence a most pleasant party to his friends among the deaf and the hearing. There were about forty present and all expressed themselves as being highly pleased on the occasion. Wonder if he is going to have another.

MR. DANIEL W. CAREY, a graduate of the American Asylum, Hartford, Conn., and formerly a student of the National Deaf-mute College, was married to Miss Eldora M. Howe, a graduate of the American Asylum, in Marlborough, Mass., on Friday evening, January 1st, 1875, by Rev. J. Hatton Weeks. The happy couple are now living in Rockland, Mass, where Mr. Carey is employed as proof-reader.

MR. ALMOS SMITH, a graduate of the Hartford Institution in 1855, now living in New Boston, Mass, recently lost his aged parents. The mother died on the 10th of December last, at the advanced age of seventy-three years, ten months, and ten days. The father, so great was his grief, was taken ill on the day of his wife's funeral and after a few days' illness died at the age of seventy-eight. Both had lived a wedded life of fifty-five years, and had thirteen children, of their six deaf-mute children, three are now living. Five years since the aged couple celebrated their Golden Wedding, receiving many valuable presents. The old gentleman was much devoted to grafting apple-trees even up to last Fall. His orchard consists of more than a thousand bearing trees, yielding 360 barrels of apples and 34 barrels of cider the past Autumn.

COLLEGE RECORD.

Acme of miserableness—the gas.

GRANDMA GALLAUDET is expected

IN order—subjects for Presentation Day.

NEW YEAR'S DAY was well observed. Many calls were made.

MR. CRANE of the Sophomore Class has been suffering with the measles. He is now convalescent.

MR. ARCHIBALD, of the Senior Class, who left for his home, Brookston, Indiana, a few days before the holidays has returned.

ON Sunday it was so cold in the Chapel Hall that the usual monthly Concert was held in the Chapel of the Primary Department.

ALL the students who went home for the holidays, have returned with the exception of Mr. Park who does not until February.

THE students, whose good fortune it is to possess a pair of skates availed themselves of the pleasure afforded by the recent cold snap.

MR. and Mrs. James Denison celebrated their crystal wedding on the 9th inst., it having been postponed from December 26th on account of the holidays.

MISS BRADY, Washington correspondent to the *Chicago Inter Ocean*, has been visiting the Institution, gathering materials and information for a letter relating to the Institution to her paper.

DR. PEET of the New York Institution and Mr. Stone of the American Asylum were at the College on the 14th, when they with President Gallaudet held a meeting to make arrangement for the next Conference of Principals.

Sad to get up too late for breakfast these cold mornings. *Sadder* to have to tramp to town for a little refreshment. *Saddest* to find that in your haste you have left your money at home and the dining-room man won't trust.

THE Literary Society held its first regular meeting for this term on the 8th inst., and elected the following officers. James M. Park, '75, *President*; George M. Teegarden, '76, *Vice-President*; Dudley W. George, '76, *Secretary* (re-elected); Rice, '79, *Treasurer* and Delos A. Simpson, '78, *Critic*. The report of the retiring Treasurer was read, and showed the society to be in a prosperous condition. A reception should be next in order.

MR. JONES, during his recent visit to Columbus, O, carried every thing by storm with his excellent pantomimicry. Superintendent Fay was so much pleased that he telegraphed President Gallaudet, for an extension of Mr. Jones' holiday that the pantomime might be repeated before the State Legislature, the request was granted and it was conceded by all even the opposite sides of the lawgivers of Ohio that they never laughed so much.

INSTITUTION NEWS.

INDIANA.

WE are very sorry to record the death of two more of our pupils since we wrote last. Miss Nancy Johnson, aged eighteen, died Dec 9th of sudden congestion of the bowels. She had been sick several days with bilious fever, and less than an hour before she died, told her teacher she was better and thought she would be in school in a few days. Soon after she was seized with congestion from which she died. This was her fourth year in school and her teachers ever found in her an amiable obedient, and diligent pupil. Her remains were conveyed to her home by her brother.

Malissa Hallock, a little girl of twelve years, in her third school year, died at her home in Michigan City, Dec 21st, of heart disease. She was taken home two weeks before she died, where the angels soon after found her to our loss but her gain.

The holidays passed off in the usual way; big dinner Christmas; parties Christmas and New Year's night. There were, however, fewer turkeys killed this year than last as the Superintendent allowed all pupils to go home for a week's vacation whose friends came for them. Over one hundred availed themselves of this privilege, and at present writing (Jan 4) nearly all have returned safely. New Year's we had a visit from Mr. Joseph Surbur the first graduate of the Indiana Institution. He entered it in 1846 when it was under the care of W. Willard, its founder, and left in 1851. He assisted in felling the trees and clearing the ground where the present building stands, and not having visited the Institution for twenty-four years could not sufficiently express his wonder at the vast changes made in that time. He married a hearing lady and is now a well-to-do farmer, with four children; three of whom hear perfectly, the other is semi-deaf. He appeared to be intelligent and proved it by subscribing for the SILENT WORLD after looking over it a few moments having never heard of the paper before.

Holiday festivities ended Saturday eve, Jan 2nd, by a taffy pulling party in the bakery. Some thirty officers, teachers, and older pupils pulled taffy for the whole school. Result many sore palms, but immense satisfaction among the children when the taffy was passed around. More anon.

LAURA

Indianapolis Jan 4th.

KENTUCKY.

December 21st. The approaching Christmas, bringing with it the adventure of St. Nicholas and his budgets of good things, is the chief topic of conversation out of school. Everywhere we are greeted with the sign for Christmas, which seems singularly appropriate—the right hand holding the left arm which is extended with open hand. I am glad, for the children's sake, that there is a time set apart when we feel compelled to administer specially to their happiness, when we are forced to remember that they are children and full of youthful spirits and that all their reasonable wishes should be gratified.

What powerful movers of head and heart children are! Was it not Lord Erskine who said he owed all his greatness to children tugging at his coat-tails? Their sweet, winning ways and touching helplessness are the secret of many a noble struggle and triumph. They are tender plants committed to our fostering care, holding within their bosoms the germ of immortality which we must ever watch, and day by day commit to the love of Him who said "of such is the kingdom of heaven." My dear children are you very thankful for the blessings you enjoy? Just think of it. You have good, comfortable clothes, plenty of nice, substantial food, the privilege of going to school, of learning to read and write, thereby increasing your happiness and usefulness, kind teachers and friends who are anxious for you to grow up educated, and become useful men and women. Now, I asked

if you are grateful for these blessings? How can I know? May I tell you? Well I think if you are made happy by them, and really feel thankful, you will try to make others happy too. When you go to bed at night, before you go to sleep try and remember that you have said something kind and cheerful when you could. Don't say unkind things. They make such a sore place, just like a thorn in the flesh. They chafe and hurt the heart.

Dec. 24th. Now I expect you are tired of having me write about such serious things, and old cherry-cheek St. Nicholas thinks just as you do; for it is

"The night before Christmas,"

and presently he will come with the tiny reindeer.

"You must try very hard your eyes open to keep

And at the funny old wight to take a sly peep."

Dec. 25. Christmas did come at last, and Santa Claus, it would seem from the manner in which he lavished his good things, thought the boys were just as good and deserving as the girls. I have my doubts about that, but perhaps the old Christmas god knows better. It may be the boys grow good about Christmas time.

The liberality of Santa Claus on this occasion brings to mind the manner of celebrating Christmas in other lands beyond the ocean. In certain districts of Germany, where everything is done for the amusement of children, a knight of stern countenance and august mien comes in at twilight on Christmas eve and orders the little folks to bed, so that St. Nicholas may come and bring his good gifts. In that country, however he distributes his blessings through the window, and does not come down through the sooty chimney as he does in our country. But this time he had so many good children to provide for that his chariot could not hold them; so boxes upon boxes he sent by Express.—*Matron's Diary in Kentucky Deaf Mute.*

MINNESOTA.

The holiday festivities began, on Christmas eve, with an exhibition of tableaux in the Chapel. "The old woman who lived in her shoe" was well played. The shoe, made, or rather built by Mr. Wing, was large enough to hold a dozen children. Abbie Noyes, dressed in a manner becoming an aged dame, represented the old woman, and a lot of the little pupils constituted her numerous family of children. "Woman's Rights in 1890" was a rather droll scene, representing a man busily employed at the wash-tub, while his amiable wife, elaborately dressed was practicing before a mirror, preparatory to going upon the stage to deliver a lecture. The tableaux was concluded with Rogers "Coming to the Parson," with several additions to the original. The curtain was raised four times during this piece showing first a "verdant" couple standing before a minister, who was thus interrupted while reading his paper, as in Roger's group, second the minister standing marrying the couple, third the young man paying the minister 25 cents currency for his services, and fourth the happy pair with their backs to the minister about to leave, while the reverend gentleman looked contemptuously at the small fee he had received.

Soon after the conclusion of the playing the curtain was again raised, revealing a large Christmas tree, laden with beautiful presents and surrounded by Christmas boxes sent to the pupils by their friends at home. The presents consisted of candies, books, pictures and frames and a variety of things, and it was pleasing to note the happy expression of faces and fingers as the pupils received their little presents.

On Friday evening nearly all of teachers went to see the Christmas tree of the Congregational Sunday School. The pupils, left to their own resources, got up and performed a number of plays, and were so well pleased with the result that they repeated them on the following evening for the entertainment of those who were absent on Friday. They did remarkably well considering their limited experience, "A scene in the Superintendent's office," in which one of the older boys sat writing at a desk, and was interrupted every minute by the little ones coming to him with their requests and complaints, caused much laughter, and no one enjoyed it more than the Superintendent himself who was looking on. "The Happy Family," showing the mother quietly knitting, the father reading and several little children playing on the floor, and "The Unhappy Family," showing the parents vainly endeavoring to settle a quarrel between two of their boys, were well acted, and "The Monkey Shaving Himself" was acted by one of the boys in a manner that would have excited the envy of even Mr. J— of the College if he could have witnessed it.

On New Year's day some of the pupils went skating, and in the evening we had some shadow playing and more tableaux.

The pupils seem well satisfied with the fun they have had, and are now ready to continue their school duties with renewed energy and resolution.

The inability of Mrs. Noyes to participate in the holiday pleasure was much regretted by all. She is ill, and has been confined to her room for several weeks. On Christmas the officers of the Institu-

tion gave her a pleasant surprise by presenting her with one of Roger's famous statuary groups.

There has been a number of cases of scarlatina and diphtheria among the pupils, two were dangerously ill, but our excellent physician treated them with his usual success. All have recovered, and the hospitals are now empty.

D. H. C.

Jan. 4th, 1875.

BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

ON the occasion of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales' recent visit to Birmingham, the adult deaf and dumb occupied a platform erected in front of Highbury Chapel, Graham Street (by kind permission), and were exceedingly pleased to find they were noticed by their Royal Highnesses and by his worship the Mayor in passing. The banner exhibited in front of them, with the inscription—"Welcome from the Deaf and Dumb"—was the object of general attraction by the thousands of persons that flocked by, and some sympathy no doubt was felt. After the procession had passed the deaf and dumb gratefully partook of a comfortable and enjoyable tea and then dispersed to see the sights of the evening—i. e., the profusion of decorations and illuminations in the town.

ABERDARE (SCOTLAND) DEAF AND DUMB MISSION.

A MEETING was held on Monday night in the Tabernacle to express sympathy with the unfortunate deaf-mutes of this district, and to consider the best means to obtain for them the means of religious instruction. About 200 persons were present. Delta Davies, Esq., J. P., Maeslyffynon, presided. Before the evening meeting, about a dozen deaf and dumb persons were treated with a tea at the cost of the Chairman, who, in response to Mr. Rowlands's appeal, presented a large bible for the new deaf and dumb services at Aberdare. During the evening, an interesting paper from Mr. E. Rowlands, deaf and dumb missionary at Cardiff, was read to the audience by Mr. D. R. Davies. It may be mentioned that Mr. Rowlands has for some time past occasionally visited Aberdare on his mission of mercy. Several addresses were delivered, and that of Mr. Rowlands delivered to the deaf and dumb in the sign-language was read by Mr. R. Pardoe, and appeals made on behalf of the deaf and dumb of this locality. A resolution was passed by Mr. Owen, and seconded by Mr. T. F. Jones (*Aberdare Times*), pledging the meeting to establish and support a branch in connection with the Cardiff Deaf and Dumb Mission. This was unanimously adopted. The chairman was elected treasurer, proposed by Mr. John, seconded by Rev. W. Edwards. Rev. R. Farr proposed, and Rev. Mr. R. Pardoe as secretary.—*English Magazine for the Deaf and Dumb*.

MONTREAL.

The inmates of the Protestant Institution for Deaf-mutes at Montreal enjoyed quite a merry Christmas. They had a splendid dinner of roast beef, geese, turkey, plum pudding, oranges and candies. On New Year's evening an entertainment was gotten up by the pupils which proved very successful; all who saw it expressed themselves much delighted and interested.

The Christmas holidays were spent in a happy manner. The pupils enjoyed themselves daily on the hill with sleds, and indoors with various games.

The weather is very cold here. The thermometer has often been below zero, sometimes 15 and 20 degrees.

Our President Chas. Alexander, Esq., has been elected member of the Quebec Parliament, and our esteemed Secretary and Treasurer, T. MacKenzie Esq. has been re-elected to the Dominion Parliament. These gentlemen are the pillars of the Institution.

The inmates are all looking well and cheerful. As a preventive for the small-pox which may be in the neighborhood, some of the have been vaccinated. The Managers have purchased five acres of land to erect a new Institution.

Two English gentlemen on a tour of inspection of American deaf-mute Institutions honored us with a visit. They asked some of the pupils questions, which they answered correctly. The gentlemen were much pleased and said we were a great credit to ourselves and the Institution. They were delighted with our printing office. One of them said "Caxton would have been pleased to have had one as nice as ours."

One of the pupils took French leave and got lost, a police found him wandering in the city and conveyed him to his brothers house at midnight. He was brought back and does not seem anxious to repeat his nocturnal excursions.

W. C. BUTT.

Montreal, Jan 1st.

THE CHRISTIAN AT WORK.

WITH the first issue in September, Dr. TALMAGE entered upon the second year of his editorial management of THE CHRISTIAN AT WORK. Under his influence the paper has taken a position in the foremost rank

of religious weeklies. Its success has been unqualified. The liberal tone of its editorials, the determination to avoid all show of sectional or sectarian bias, and the overflowing spirit of brotherly love constantly manifested, have established its prosperity.

The corps of contributors includes many of the ablest and most interesting writers in this country. Among them are C. H. SPURGEON, HORATIUS BONAR, and Dr. PARKER, of England; Rev. ROBERT PATTERSON, D. D., Rev. Dr. STONE, Hon. A. H. STEPHENS, of Georgia; Rev. BYRON SUNDERLAND, D. D., Hon. HORATIO KING, ex-Postmaster-General, Rev. T. SANFORD DOOLITTLE, D. D., Rev. J. B. THOMPSON, D. D., Rev. ELBERT S. PORTER, D. D., Rev. W. W. HICKS, of Augusta, Ga., Mrs. JENNIE DOWLING DE WITT, Mrs. MARGARET E. SANGSTER, Mrs. AMELIA E. BARR, and many others.

A serial story from the facile pen of Mrs. JENNIE DOWLING DE WITT is to be one of the attractions of this excellent journal; and the Sunday-lesson, and the "Question Box," is of marked and timely interest. Every number also contains one of Dr. TALMAGE's stirring sermons, which are here published under his sanction and immediate supervision.

A choice of premiums is given to every subscriber. The first is a Portfolio of twelve gems, by HENDSCHEL, a German artist of great celebrity in Europe. It is an admirable feature of this premium that there is no additional expense for mounting or frames, as with the chromos. The other premium is a large chromo, 22x28 inches in size, entitled "The Twins," after LANDSEER's famous animal picture of that name. To secure uniformity in price, and to avoid all extra charges, which have proved such an annoyance to subscribers, the chromo is delivered unmounted. When the subscriber has paid three dollars and twenty-five cents, he receives either premium, free by mail, the paper for one year, and has his postage paid also, after January 1, 1875. If he does not desire a premium, he can have the paper alone, postage paid, at \$3. We invite the attention of our readers to the advertisement of this excellent paper in another column. It presents special inducements to agents.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The apple crop of Connecticut in 1874 was worth \$2,000,000.

Eight hundred thousand more women than men in England.

Texan palaeontologists are positive as to the human origin of a skeleton, twenty odd feet long, one of whose knee pans fills a large carpet bag, while a molar tooth measures eleven inches in length and six inches across the surface.

A University student broke through the ice on Lake Monana, the other day, where the water was only four feet deep. When he was hauled out and laid upon the ice, he faintly whispered: "Boys, I didn't care for myself, but I'm engaged."

An armless painter may be seen daily busily engaged in copying some of the old masters in the South Kensington Museum in London. He is a Mr. M. C. Feler of Antwerp, and the facility with which he manages his brush with his right foot, while holding his palette with the left, is said to be marvellous.

A youth who attended a Scotch revival meeting for the fun of the thing, ironically inquired of the minister, "Whether he could work a miracle or not." The young man's curiosity was fully satisfied by the minister kicking him out of the church, with the malediction, "We cannot work miracles, but we can cast out devils."

Kalakaua's kingdom comprises about a dozen islands, of which Hawaii is the largest. The capital city, Honolulu is on Oahu and contains about 16,000 inhabitants. The climate of the Sandwich Islands is favorable to the growth of sugar-cane, cotton and other tropical productions. In 1872 the population of the whole group was about 57,000.

MARRIED.

GODFREY-LAHEY—On Wednesday, Dec. 16, at St. Marys Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., by Father. C. R. Chapman, Thomas Ignatius Godfrey to Miss Sarah, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lahey.

On the 20th of August 1874, Jasper J. Cross of La Porte Indiana to Aurilla Warford of Nashville Indiana.

On the 19th of November 1874, Barnum C. Cross of La Porte Indiana to Maggie M. Ploughe of Tipton Indiana. All graduates of the Indiana Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

DIED.

At the American Asylum, Hartford, Conn., on December 22, 1874, Miss a Sweet, aged thirty-two years.